

[**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPEAL.**]

I have just come from that painful luxury, the sleeping car. How incongruous and improper it was; for in a chance, to discover that the grumble in my berth, whose mildness I had marked in the long night, was "It's cured hot up here," and none other than a full-fledged major-general. By day he was a gorgeous vision of spectacular gallantry; by night, a howling demon of profanity. But enough, the companionable creatures; their way of life is an open book and their characters are easily read. Let us return to the inexhaustible field of psycho-anthropology. The first night in the sleeping car, I was up at the first morning call. Well do I remember the experience. The toilette is accomplished under such harrowing circumstances. But it is surprising how readily one becomes indifferent to the surroundings. I saw a stout young woman from an adjoining car, who had been engaged all the way from San Francisco in a sleeper, and I've lost the last shred of modesty." I believed

this way, please. On next Easter, when we sing the new hymns, we will have to enter the church doors and stand around at all the congregation with nervous interest. What for? To see if the men are dazzled by the beauty of our costumes? Not for a singing's blessing. Indeed, we are not so sure that we could not tell you whether there was a man in the church. We haven't seen or looked at or thought of a single male. Nor did we look to note the effect of our new gown and bouret of hair on the men. We are not so sure, no; we are above that, also. Oh how we are misunderstood. We look simply and solely to see whether any other woman is better dressed than we are and what every other woman is wearing. We may be a little vain, but we never think of anything else. We do all the thinking of ourselves before we go there, at home in the maid's hands before the glass, and for a week or month before even that, when we are always going to be beaten by other women.

On this world's stage women play to women—in the matter of dress.

This is a pet scheme around which my heart's desire has revolved for long months, and I am sure that I have perfected quite as much for the benefit of our working women as for the working men. We have in our hundreds of working women employed in stores, factories, millinery establishments, and everywhere else, who need a home, a place to go to, a place to meet, a place to be, a place to be together and body together. Nobody thinks of these women. Neither rest, recreation nor means of improvement is provided for them. They are not even considered. They are forgotten class so far as the public recognition is concerned. The people of Memphis are public spirited, but thus far they have not impelled this spirit in a progressive direction. A special effort must be made to go far behind our sister cities. Friends, this state of things should not be suffered to continue. Let us open our hearts, our minds, our sympathies and our purses and put this scheme into effect. Let us do it. Let us do it now. Yours for progress.

— JAMES L. LIDE MEMPHIS

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tended to deceive. ARE YOU BANNON'S AND
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